

THE D15 306
Lombard - Street Lecturer's
L A T E
Farewell Sermon,
ANSWER'D:
OR, THE
Welsh Levite
Toss'd De Novo.

A
D I A L O G U E
Between David J-nes and Dr. John Bast-
wick; and Lovewit and Fairman, two
of his late Parishioners.

Addressed to the Bankers of Lombard-Street.

Tantæne animis Cælestibus ira? Virg.

L O N D O N,
Printed for the Assigns of John Bastwick, and Sold by T. J.
without Temple-Barr, 1692.

TO THE

BANKERS

OF

Lombard-Street.

Gentlemen,

THe Popular Noise of a certain Farewell Sermon, Preach'd amongst you, has Rang so loud in the Town, that all Tongues are full of it; for indeed, there is that extravagant Vengeance in it, denounced against you, (for you are his Mark,) as seems not a little amazing. This Farewell, (to give the Author his due,) has dealt Hell and Damnation as liberally amongst you, as ever the late Famous Impostor Wickham (in his last Will and Testament) did his Lands and Legacies; and truly, upon due Examination, 'tis to be fear'd, with equal Truth and Veracity, our Lombard-Street Pastor being much the same Oracle with the St. Clements Testator.

Eternal and irrevocable Damnation, Gentlemen, is a very severe Sentence, and the bold Pronouncer, ought to weigh before he Dooms; for 'tis not the pretended Pastoral Commission and Authority, can Warrant such Pulpit Thunder-Claps to strike at Random. 'Tis easy to Cry out, An Usurer! An Usurer! Good-Lungs, and Mad Zeal, may go far, but right Reason, and upright Judgment, ought to go farther. He that would shew us the Fiend, would do best,

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neftly to point us the Clowen-foot: And our Open-Mouth'd Zealot, when he resolv'd, in a full Cry, to run down all Lombard-Street at a Breath, he would have done well to have Thought a little before he Talkt all, and only paus'd, to make some Distinction betwixt Commerce and Extortion, Honest Traffick, and Unjust Usury. Had he given you that fair play for your Lives and Souls, (for they were both under his Lash) he had done something. But truly our Head-long Jehu-Driver, had no such License to spare, and his Patrons must expect no such Favour at his hands. In short, you take Interest for Money, and with the Spirit of Muggleton, (the Copy only out-doing the Original) he has over and over told you, you are all Damn'd for it. And as he began with you, to keep up his Character, he resolv'd to end with you; his Farewell we understand, being only a Summary of his former continued Fulminations against you. By what Inspiration all this condemn'd Vengeance against you mov'd, I will not pretend to inquire, it being possibly no where better describ'd then in a Famous Poet.

Thus Wind i'th' Hypochondriack pent,
Proves but a Blast, if downward sent;
But if it upward chance to fly,
It turns new Light and Prophecy.

Now Gentlemen, the business of this following Discourse being a vindication of Truth, in answer to the Indignities and rude Treatments you have received from him, and consequently, to justify the publick Right you have done your Selves; as such, it begs your favourable Acceptance.

THE

The INTRODUCTION.

THE Town has been entertain'd with a late Farewel Sermon, Preach'd by *David Jones*, late of *St. Mary, Woolwich*; a piece (you may judge) of no small merit, when the Book-seller could afford so many Guineas for the Copy; a price rarely given for a Sermon. But you are to consider, there's something more than Gospel in it. The Preacher, the Cause, the Occasion, and the matter contained in it, affords some (very out of the way) Rarity, and the general reception it has met, perhaps, is owing to that chief, if not only Curiosity. The parting with a good Benefice, you may imagine, was a little provoking, and not to say, *The Welch Blood was up*, let it suffice, The Man of God, like other frail Mortality, was angry, and has not been sparing of Gall to his Ink.

As such then his Farewell appears in Print; and if his Readers are as numerous, as his Auditors were, we are not much to wonder at it. For 'tis the common weakness of Mankind, to be more charm'd with Diversion than Instruction. And on that score, we find it so popular a piece.

To examine this doughty Farewel-stroke throughout, 'twould be a work too tedious, but as his keenest Shafts is shot against Usury, and chiefly level'd at the great Bankers, his Worshipful Parishioners to expose that Scurrility and Detraction, and unmask the feeble Rayler, is the Subject of our present Discourse.

His great position is, *That He that taketh any Increase, is an Usurer, and such a one as shall surely die for his Usury, and his Blood shall be upon his own Head, &c.* In Answer to which,

First, To the Legality of Increase, or Interest of Money. Such Interest is establish'd by the strongest Law of the Nation, by Act of Parliament. Now if that Law be no Authoritative Warrant for the practice of it; instead of Snarling and Barking at a few of his Banker Parishioners, Why does not our great Champion of truth, strike at the Root of so reigning a Sin (as every Faithful Minister ought) and consequently declare, that the Temporal Law that encourages it, as being expressly against the Law of God, is in it self null and void; and thereupon humbly move our present King, Lords, and Commons, to attend to God's Oversight and Fault in their Erroneous Predecessors, by Abolishing that Unchristian Statute. For without this, all his Preaching will be in vain; for unless our non interest Predicator can Convince the World, That he is Wiser than the whole Nation besides, whilst the Increase of

Money

Money continues *Cum Privilegio*, under the Sanction of Decrees and Statutes, 'twill be absolutely impossible for him to persuade the Rich Men of the Nation, to quit so fair a Feather in their Caps, upon one single Doctors Opinion against it.

Besides, as I take it, our present Establishment of 6. per Cent. was settled in a Protestant Reign, and 'tis to be thought, that the whole Episcopal Body, as Prelates in Parliament, were assenting to such a Law. I am sure we do not read of any Ecclesiastical Votes against Interest Money, at the passing of that Act. And were the great Pastors of our Church, our Bishops, and Law-makers, all in the wrong, and only our Diminutive Curate of *Lombard-Street* in the right? If so; I know no reason our over modest Preacher has to spare those offending Churchmen, any more than he has sometimes done the rest of the Clergy, in his famous Invectives against Pluralities.

So much for the National Authority for Increase of Money. Now let us examine the thing as purely in it self. Shall a rich Money'd Man lend such a Trader, or Merchant so much Money, by which, through his lawful Industry, shall that Trader or Merchant gain possibly 30 or 40 per Cent. and at last, through rolling that first Foundation Stone, arrive to infinite Riches, and after all repay his kind Patron, with no Interest, Advantage, or Consideration whatever. Shall the Borrower grow so fat, and the Lender, the Founder of the Feast, look on and starve. Is this thy Gospel Justice, thou Man of God?

Besides, What's the Money more than Monneys worth! Are Silver and Gold more Riches or Wealth, than Sheep and Oxen? The Grasier that drives his Six Oxen to Market, makes *increase*, for he sells 'em for more than they cost him, and perhaps with their Sale, brings 7 the next Market-Day, and so to an Hundred: And shall Money, and only Money, be debat'd that Improvement. Shall the Goldsmith make Increase by his Gold Rings, and Silver Tankards with Honesty, but lie under our Boanerges Anathema of Damnation, if he does it by his pieces of Eight? Certainly it looks a little hard, that Land shall have free Liberty to exact 3 per Cent. from the hard Labours of the toiling Hind and Peasant, that gets his daily Bread by the Sweat of his Brow; and Money at the same time shall be denied the privilege of raising a profit from the Luxury of a borrowings Courtier, the Ventures of a prosperous Voyager, or the like; especially when liable to Shipwrecking the whole Fund, the very principal exposed to harm; when on the contrary, the safer *Terra firma* runs no such danger.

Besides, if Usury (I mean under a moderate Restriction and Limitation) were unlawful; How comes it, that in the parable of the Ten Talents, [*Matth. 25th.*] our Saviour rebukes the Negligent Servant that hid his Talent under ground, with so severe a Reprimand, as, *Thou wicked and slothful Servant - Thou oughtest to have put thy Money to the Ex-*
changers;

changes, that at my return I might have received my own with Charity. Giving him no less a Condemnation, than *Cast ye the unprofitable Servant into utter Darknesse, &c.* Belike in our Saviour's time there were Banks, and Exchangers, as well as in *Lombard-street* Precinct. And though this is only spoken by way of Parable, yet it is very strange, our Saviour should compare the Kingdom of Heaven, and the means himself prescribes to attain it (as such is this Parable) to the vilest, and (if our *David* may be believed) to so Diabolical a sin, for his Allusion, as *Usury*. Our Saviour's *Way to Heaven*; and our *Levi's Down-right Road to Hell*, methinks, are something ill matcht together. But our Gospeller reads the Bible, perhaps, with peculiar Spectacles of his own.

Well, but for once let us lay aside the Parable of Heaven, and the Authority of Christ himself in this point, and examine Interest of Money in its politick Capacity, as consistent with the Publick, in a National Concern.

Granting then for once, that our Divine *Enthusiastick* has deliver'd an Oracle, That *Usury*, or Increase of Money is that unlawful Gain as to debar the Receiver from the Benefits of Christ; and exclude him from the Sacrament; nay, Salvation is self without Restitution first made, and that the Rules of our Christianity declare so positively against it, that it ought to be prohibited and banish'd from out of a Christian Government. Granting all this, I say, let us examine the publick Consequences of such a Prohibition.

First, if Money be debar'd improvment, nothing but Land, or Trading can make any Increase. Hereupon no Wise Man will ever part with his Land; or if now and then an Accidental Purchase should happen, here are so many money'd Gapers to snatch it, that in one Twelve Months time, all the Lands in *England*, will be in Rich Mens hands, and such a thing as a sale of an Estate, scarce heard of in an Age. After that near three parts of the Money in *England* will be buried under ground. For who will let out his Money for Charity? If all that flowing Cash be call'd in, more than half the Traders, and Dealers in the Kingdom, must lie down and starve. For the Banks (the Exchequers that fed 'em) will be all shut up. And if it be objected; That then the Usurer must turn Merchant and Trader himself, if he will turn his Money to lawful Use. To that I Answer: What's this but turning the World topsie-turvy, setting the Cripple to Plough; putting Traffick and Trade into the Hands of Ignorance and Incapacity, to manage what they understand not, and setting Experience and Industry, that does understand it, a drift to perish.

Nor will the Trafficker and Trader only suffer, all Degrees of Men must groan under this Right Doctrine of Non-Usury.

For Instance. Suppose a Gentleman of Estate and Quality, besides leaving the gross of a plentiful Estate to his Eldest Son and Heir, (as in all reason he should do so) to support the grandeur of a Noble Family,

through his many Years Industry, and other good Fortune, has made Provision for his Younger Sons, and his Daughters. For Example. Suppose a Daughters Portion, is a brace of Thousand Pounds. This young Lady we will farther suppose ought in all Justice to match in some measure to her equal Quality, possibly some Country Gentleman of 3 or 400 a Year. Now upon the supposition that Interest of Money be forbidden. What signifies her Portion to such a Husband, not 3 pence. For first, as has been said before, here's no purchase of Land to be found for it: To Merchandize with it, he understands not, besides 'tis breaking his whole Measures of Life to manage, or indeed to attempt any such unintelligible Trade, or Mystery. The business of living amongst his Tenants, and bearing a figure in his Native Country, upon his own Seat, and the like, is all he knows, or indeed all that ought to be expected from him. What must he do with this dead load of Money? to spend it that's ill Husbandry; and ends in Ruine: 'Tis enough for every Prudent Man to live up to the height of his Annual Income; all that he draws from the main stock is perfect prodigality. Well then, he must keep all this Money buried by him, or lend it out for nothing (which comes much to the same end) and possibly 22 or 23 years hence, when he has Sons and Daughters grown up to Men and Women, he has this unimproved 2000 £. by him to bestow between 5 or 6 young Children, (the Wife and whole Family eating out the Annual profits of this Land) viz. 2 or 300 £ a piece, just enough to set up his Sons for Country Shopkeepers, and to Match his Gentlewoman Daughters to some Inferior Mechanicks; and so both the Father and Mother of Quality, have the pleasure to see in one Generation, their Family dwindle to nothing; whereas, if this Two Thousand pound might have been improved for those three or four and twenty years together here might have been sufficient to breed the younger Sons at least to the genteelst of Merchants or Traders, and to Match the Daughters to equal Blood, Fortunes, and Quality with themselves. But by our famous *Leveler's* Tenent, by the same parity of Reason, the highest Nobility must either turn Reader to support the under Branches of Great Family; that is, if Monies and Treasures are such useless Commodities; or else the Estate, that should go with the Honour, must be torn to pieces, and consequently by the Divisions and Subdivisions in 3 or 4 Generations, (provided they obey God's first Commandment, viz. Increase and Multiply) the Richest and Noblest Family in *England* must shrink to a Skeleton.

Our Divine Author when he condemn'd Interest of Money, he did well to enjoin the Cessation of *Conjugal Delights*, the addition of Fasting Rights, to Penitential Days. For if a poor Housewife to 20 or 30 £ brings her Right Honourable Spouse so worthless, and so useless a Down, with the Shackles of Non-Interest at the heels of it, instead of fasting Nights (especially if she be a Teemer) it will be necessary to enjoin her fasting Years too, for fear of raising too numerous a Progeny for her poor Lord to be able to provide for.

For another Instance; Suppose an Heir or Executor to some Rich-Merchant, has his whole Patrimony left in Money; and what (as very often) through the Gentleman-Education his Trading Father has given him, he is utterly incapable of managing his Money in Merchandize (as his Father before him.) This Rich Heir, without either Land to purchase, or Trade to drive, be his Inheritance never so large; yet if he lives but up to the rate of five per Cent of his Money, without the liberty of Interest, to make up the daily Fracti^{on}, and happens to out-live 20 years, he must come to the Parish to be maintain'd, and dye a Beggar.

Nay, if so many thousands of Rich Men perish, what must the Poor suffer? How many poor Families are there in *England*, that drive their whole Weeks Trade upon the borrowed Money they pay every *Saturday-Night*, and maintain their Wives and Children out of *Penixes* and Loans; whereas if Money were not to be borrowed upon Interest, where should they find a supply to get in Bread?

But, to look yet a little higher into the inseparable Fatalities that attend upon now-Interest of Money; here is not only Rich and Poor, Trader or no Trader, nay, Honour and Nobility, all suffering; but even Kingdoms, and Crown'd Heads, under an absolute necessity of shaking by it.

For Example if money be only Loanable *grain*, Suppose the greatest Dilbels and Exigence of State, the King cannot borrow upon the greatest Tax, or National Security whatever, unless good Natur'd Loyalty will give him that Credit (a Virtue not always, or at least, not every where in fashion) as to lend him, and especially such lumping Sums, upon no other Return or Requital, but a Compliment.

Besides, where will he find Money to borrow, or indeed Taxes to be raised, for when Money is of no other use than to go to the Butcher, or Baker? Traffick will soon be lost, and the Nation over-run with the Wild *Jess* Laziness, and Indolence will be kickt out of Doors; and when Money (the Vitals and Life of a Nation) once stagnates, the whole Circulation of Trade we must expect will quickly cease; and if that fails, farewell our walled Walls, and indeed our whole strength of the Kingdom. The Parliament, notwithstanding the protest will before 'em, will be able to make but small improvement for the importation of *Wool* to convert into Money, to supply the pressing National wants. Thus, instead of new Money coming in, they must have a care that the old do not all run out, to fetch a new building Sopl, than the barren and unprofitable *English* Product can afford it. In short, our

Zealous Book-worm, without any farther prospect, without considering Common-wealth or People, Government or Constitution, or indeed any thing else, sets up his Throat to unloose all the Nerves of Commerce and Society, and consequently to unhinge whole Estates, and all by the stretch of a Text in *Ezekiel*, that forbids the taking of any Increase; Never weighing in what Circumstances that Text was delivered, or whither it pointed, or how far it reaches the Case before him; nay, his Passion makes him to talk at random, that he declares, That taking use for money is every way hurtful and incommodious, both to private Men, and Publick Society. But how 'tis so, there he's pleas'd to be silent, talking without proving being indeed his greatest Talent.

But that our high-flown Pulpiteer (*Preacher*) we dare not call him, Modesty, Reason, and Truth, being the necessary Qualifications for that Character, may not run away with the Cause, and make Interest of Money so strangely destructive to Publick Society, we shall desire him but for once to consider (that is, if he has not absolutely forsworn all Consideration) in what Estate God left Mankind, after the fall of our Great Fore-father *Adam*, and some very necessary Consequences attending that Fall, that will give some farther light into the Question in hand, and discuss the Point before us.

When our banish'd first Parents were by the flaming Sword expelled from Paradise, *The ground (we read) was cursed for Adams sake, Thorns and Thistles it should bring forth, and in the sweat of his Face he should eat his Bread, till his return to the ground.* From that dooming-day, the Plough and the Spade, the Wheel and the Spindle, and in fine, Care and Labour, and Pain and Toyl, were the Product and Issue of Mans Original Curse. With this hard Portion, were the succeeding Race of Mankind to Plant the World, and be the Inhabitants and Souldiers of the Earth. From that day, according to the Industry or Sloth of Men, (the Sun shining equally on the Just and Unjust) together with the secret and accountable Pleasure of Providence in its various Distributions of Mans outward Felicity, have our humane Blessings been so unequally divided.

From this unequal Division of Temporary Blessings, the succeeding Industry of the World has been necessitated to depend upon mutual Assistance, and Brotherly-help, from generation to generation. He that would labour must borrow the Plough, if he has not of his own. And as Money has all along, and ever will be (neither the threshing floor, or Potters Field to be had without it) both the Plough, and the Plough-driver, both the Seed, and the Crop of the Harvest, and indeed the Sinew and

and Nerve of every moving Hand; under the fore-mentioned unequal Distribution of that necessary shining Dirt, what an incumbent necessity does there lye in all Degrees and Vocations of Mankind, to an Universal mutual Accommodation in that most important Working Tool.

Now in this plain case, if this grand Accommodation must be made from the abler to the unabler Brother, to support the whole Being of Mankind, and that too under all the Advantages and Succour to the assisted, and neither Advantage nor Help, but inevitable Ruin and Destruction (as has been before proved) to the Assisting, from the Non-Interest above-mentioned; What Injustice must govern the World, if to kind a Helping hand must be so ill rewarded? or on the other side, What Destruction must attend upon Publick Societies, if every able hand (as with good Reason in such a case) should be closed and shut up, and deny that Help to his wanting Brother.

Upon summing up the whole; When our Denouncing *Levite* breathed such hideous Fulminations against Use of Money, more or less, in all Cases whatever, as Eternal Damnation, &c. to have strengthened that Position with unanswerable Authority, he ought to have searched the Scripture for some Affirmative, as well as Negative Text, *viz.* Lend out thy Money to thy necessitous Brother without Interest, to feed him, and starve thy self, upon pain of Damnation; or the like, &c. and so have press'd the Duty of Lending *gratis*, under the same Penalty, as doing it otherwise: For without some such Scriptural Command, such Prodigal Works of Charity, so kind abroad, and so ruinous at home, will very difficultly be imposed upon Mankind; and without that Charity, the Calamities that follow are but too evident. If such a Text could have been found, our *Barren* and *Usury-Scurger*, had done his Work. But (alas) these Calamitous Consequences never enter'd his Head; his *Ecstasies* were soaring so high, and carried his Raptures so all Heaven-wards, that he had not leisure to look down upon this diminutive spot of Earth; Communities and Constitutions, and the whole Benefits of Mankind, being no part of his Consideration.

THE
S E R M O N
Dissected,

I N

A Dialoguc betwixt *David Jones*, the
Ghost of *John Bastwick*;
And *Lovewitt*, and *Fairman*, two of his
late Parishoners.

Inopem me Copia fecit.

Enter BASTWICK.

Bastwick. **W**ELL, the Extraordinary acceptance my fellow-sufferer, and Brother Saint, *William Pryor*, gave me lately of a young Successor to my Saint Spirit, has made me have the Curiosity of revisiting this City to have a little happy Converse with him, both for my Satisfaction, and his Edification; if I can but find the way to *Laubard-freet*, I may chance to meet with him in some of the Houses of the Saints. But hold, here comes a Man in Black, his moody looks, and haughty Port, as well as Stature, makes me hope that I may save my self any farther labour.

Enter David.

David. * I am a Derision dayly, e'ry one mocketh me; for since I spake, I
cried out Violence and Spoil, because the word of the Lord was made a reproach
unto me, and a derision dayly; then I said, I will not make mention of him,
6.

non speak any more in his Name. These Men are like the Adders, that stop their Ears to the voice of the Charmer: & But let them not imagine that I will crack my Lungs, like a Water-man that cries *Finch and Fish*, which no body will buy: & No, no, I have no design to rake up the Filth of their deceitful beauty, and to speak such uncomely things that *NATURAL* Blushes but in Name. Nor is it any tolerable Diversion to me to set my Inclinations a Dance with the plain and Scripture-like representation of the enticing *Amphibious* of a Balmey City Wife, who she designs to Arm her Husband in the wrong place, prostituting her self (yes verily) in a very unbecomly manner, or to lay open in Moving terms (for * my Sermons are not dead Letters, but very active Animals) to touch, and pierce you to the quick, the Suit of the Husband, when he trespasses on the benevolence of his Pious Comfort with a buxome young Harlot over a pint of White Port in a Hedge Tavern, or the beastly Copulations of the Callow young Apprentice, and the Demure Chamber-Maid.

Bessy. This must needs be the very Man I seek, he breaths Fire and Brimstone, and is more like me than if I had begot him. *Bea* *beat a little more before I embrace thee*.

David. No, no, this is a Generation of Vipers, that regard not the Admonitions of the Zeal, and Soul-saving * *Exhortations of the* *Devil*, for tis but washing an *idiot* white, to be so concerned for them, since they sit as unburned as a hardened Deacon in *Devil* for a modest Gun, when they * *for us speak*: tho', to say the truth *Carved* *I am alone otherwise*, * they do not hear us neither: for they hear us and hear us not, at the very same individual time, tho' they be present at the overflowing Torrent of the Spirit, and Truth, and Holiness.

Bessy. *Is this man then*, I profess the numerical *David*, if I have any skill in Physiognomy; but he's going on, and I'll not stop him in the career of the Spirit.

David. What has all my Travel and pain amounted to, what advantage in my Harrest here I reap'd, by putting on the Armour of a Sea of Brass, as strong as the Rock on which the Church was built, the Gospel: this any of the Cook-maids of my family, her own housekeeper, her Milk-maid, her Butler, to encase her Vail of Circumcision, or any *Pharisee* *the* *draper* forgotten his abominable *hug* for a good Quart-Pot, that an honest Porter may be drunk at a cheaper rate, or any Corpulent Malice of the Brandy-Shop, sweep over *Gluttony* *and* *drinking* *Spirits* for good Protestant *Korner*, or *Nam*? or, has any ungodly

dealer in Fornication, reform'd her unchristian Negligence, in procuring
Hearts Instead of *Coolers*: No, no, you carry, no; therefore I will tell
 them aloud, I will forsake their Company; for I am not willing to go
 to the Devil in their way; there are more ways to the Wood than one,
 and if I must go, I'll Lead, and not Follow: No, no, let these Scound-
 rels go and be Damn'd by themselves if they will, for I love not their
 Company, as I told them: since they will not hear me, but thrust me
 out of the Pulpit, to send me, like *Nebuchadnezzar*, a Grazing on the
 Grass in the Fields, to converse with the Beasts of the Wilderness.
 Now do my Bowels of Compassion yearn for him, since I find
 he is in Tribulation for Conscience sake, — It must be he, Persecution
 has laid its Papistical Claws upon him, I can scarce contain, but that
 I find he has not done yet.

But I will denounce the Truth to them, and the errors of
 their Footsteps. They will hear, and sleep not, tho' the Fields afford
 as easy a *Dormitory*, as a Pew lin'd with green Sacks in a Parish Church.
 I will Preach to the Birds of the Air, or to the Fishes of the Waters;
 they will observe my Words, and lay up all my Sayings, in the repo-
 sitories of their Bibles. They will need no Church-warden to put
 them in mind of making restitution to their ill-got Estates; or of their
 fasting and mourning, to the disturbance of the execution of my Mini-
 stry. I will Preach Repentance to the dark Inhabitants of the Earth,
 and join my self in the Apostleship with the Zealous *Comrades*,
 in converting the more Tractable primitive Nigmy hearts of the poor
Barbarians. Nay, I will speak deeper, yea, even to the Bowels of Dark-
 ness, and profane, not with a *low* Voice, or *speaking plain*, but like
 a true Son of Thunder, I will bellow louder than a Lion from the top
 of a Mount, or a Bull, debate to his Rival, and burst open like a Cloud
 in Thunder, and Lightning, to declare the Truth to the Sun in his
Sanctuary, where it being something Dark, *Lightning is necessary to discover*
their Sin, and *Thunder to strike them with terror*.

I will denounce the *Monstrous* of the *Marine* *War* *Revelations*,
 I will tell no longer, sure have blustering the Demon
 of the *Midnight* his forth, and no less than all the
 four Winds beget him; methinks I hear the storm begin to
 howl, I must to him, — Save thee, my *Stricken*
 Hold, — what is the cause of all these thy Complaints? Has this
 City forgot her *Old* *Principles* so much, as not to Worthy a
Person?

David.

David. * The *lowest* so common Blessings are never esteemed, as they ought to be. Who scarce ever gives thanks for the Light of the Sun, which is the greatest Blessing upon the Earth, except the Heavenly Blessing of my Preaching? But who are you, that thus familiarly salute me with such sensible Words of Compassion? I remember not your face among those that have not yet Deserted me in my Persecution.

John. I am the Ghost of John Baptist, once Doctor of Physic, who afterwards gave Purgatives to the Sins and Sins; thy Fame of thy Emulating my Virtues, has brought me from below to embrace thee, and give thee some Instructions how to arrive to that Perfection thy Precursor obtain'd in this Life.

David. I have heard of your Fame and Reputation, and am glad I am so much the care of the Saints departed, as to make them undertake such a Voyage for my sake. If I have not arriv'd to the Zenith of Perfection already, I am sensible you can instruct me.

John. First, my Noble Disciple, you must be as harden'd in God, as I was when I sent of William the Dragon, that I fear'd neither Post nor Pillory, concerning always (said I) that I told my Fate by better Tenure than he holds his Nose, being a Londoner, saying that he has Grace to be, and never able to do him Service, than he has ability to judge of: but that, if he should by his Might, and Power, and the strength of the Times, advance me to that Desk (meaning the Pillory) I doubt not, but by the Grace of God, I shall make there the Funnal Sermon of all the Prelates of England.

David. And Sweet Sir, I have not been far behind-hand with you in declaring my Resolutions and Fortitude: What shall hinder me (say I) from telling the Truth? Shall Torturation, or Distress, or Persecution, shall Examine, or Molestation, or Force to Sway? (as it is written, For thy sake we are kill'd all the day long, we are accounted as Sheep to the slaughter) for I am persuaded, that since Death, the last, the worst, the Privation, the Power, the Prison, the Place to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other Cruelty, shall ever hinder us from telling the Truth.

John. Very well begun, next you must be positive in your own Justification, absolutely embracing your own Innocence and Purity, as I will give you an Example in my Letter to Mr. *John* Wyles, Keeper of the Gatehouse: And for the Prior of Conventary, there William the Dragon, and your *Abby-Labber* of York, and *Oracles* of the North, who you stile with the Title of Grace, I will so flay them,

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as I shall make it evident they never knew what it was, for if they had had any grace, they would never have been Persecutors of them that were most ready and true Christians.

David. Ah, Sir, I am before hand with you there too, I defy the World to find any Saint, either Militant, or Triumphant, that excells me. *Here are 2. witnesses (said he) against me the Jewish Congregation, what say you Paul? Have I been guilty of any thing, besides telling you your sins, and of loving your Souls more than my own Interest? Give me the Man, throughout the world, that shall convince me of any publick immoral actions, that ever I have been guilty of, from my Childhood to this day, and I will freely undergo the punishment that is due to all those scandalous Reports, that my Enemies have maliciously invented, and industriously spread abroad concerning me. Give me the Man that can shedge any other reason, why he is my Enemy, save only, because I have told him the Truth, and Christ has lived a Life in me, that is a Reproach unto his.*

David. That was a noble streak indeed, and paid all but the Immaculate Conception; if you could have put in for that too, you had out done all the Arguments of *Scots*, for that of *Mary*.

David. That was a superfluous nicety, when I had brought my self all along to an equality to Jesus Christ, and a transcendence above all the Apostles; for who of them had not been guilty of some sin in their lives, *Paul* and *Barnabas* were guilty of so much Immorality (as I declar'd in the beginning of one my Sermons) as to fall out upon a trivial account, so far as to separate Companies, as if they hated one another: *Paul* also had Persecuted the Faithful before his Conversion, and *Peter* deny'd his Master after him, and so you may run through the whole Twelve, nay, all the Twelve thousand, that were tested in the *Apocalypse*.

Bastw. I am satisf'd with what you have done, and find you are arriv'd very near Perfection: Next, you must be sure to find Faults, and great Crimes in every one else, discover their Backlidings in the Face of the Congregation, to the Eye of the World; and if you let any one be Innocent, but your self, you gain but half your Point. As for example: I will Anatomize the Præbend, and make it appear, that there is as little need of their Government in these Dominions, as was of Sampson's Foxes with their Fire-brands at their Tails in the Philistines Corn.— If we look upon the Lives, Actions, and Manners of the Priests and Prelates of this Age, and see their Rivalry, Impudence, Propriety, Uncharitableness, Ungodliness, &c. we should think that Hell were broke loose, and that the Devils in Sapphires, in Hoods, in Copes, in Rackets, and in four-squares Courtards upon their Heads, were come among us, and had beset us. Enough! how they sink! The Priests are a generation of Vipers, proud, ingrateful, illiterate, Asses; Secundum ordinem Diaboli. The Church is as full of Ceremonies, as a Dog is full of Fleas.

David. Hold, Sir, you mistake your Man; I am not he I once was; 'tis true, I have maul'd the Clergy, Tooth and Nail, and given 'em as desperate thrusts as ever you did; but I am alter'd, I have lately told my Congregation, that I made 'em not a pack of lazy, senseless, sinful Rascals, to bring them into Contempt, but only,—only,—but only—for—for—for exercise of my natural Talent; and, to say truth, I have made 'em some amends, for I have establish'd it as an indubitable Truth, That no Minister can tell a Lye, or preach false Doctrine if he would.

Bastw. How, my young Demagogue, so fierce! but lately no Rack, nor Tortures could alter you, and now for Colloquing with the Gentlemen in black, because you see it takes not with your Parishioners? You ought to love it, because it once befriended you.

David. Not so fast, my good Friend, I am not gone so far neither, as to be guilty of Recanting; for by this new Truth I have set up, I give a plaguy Innuendo, that what I said before was Truth too.

Bastw. But, methinks, little Roger, you have advanced a piece of Babylonish Dialect, and out-shot the Whore of Rome's Infallibility, when you make it impossible for any private Minister to preach up any false Doctrine. Pray what do you think of the Gnosticks?

David. O, certainly, my Friend of Friends, they are ditionable Hereticks, * they were Dangerous for all manner of Lewdness and Debauchery; * *Ps* did yet pretend to a greater measure of Knowledge than other Men: These Gnosticks handled the Word of God deceitfully, and made a Merchandize of the Souls of Men, and thought Gain to be Godliness.

Bastw. Then it seems the Ministers come by this Infallibility by a later Tide than the *Gnosticks*; but, methinks, you describe the Pre-
lates of my time under the Name of *Gnosticks*. Come, you had bet-
ter stick to your first Principle, and pursue those Foot-steps I left you,
of pulling down all the Relicks of the Scarlet Whore. Let me fur-
nish you with a president, from a Bond of my inditing to that pur-
pose, lest the World should scruple to take my word for it. 'Tis thus :

*The Obligation of John Bastwick, Doctor of Physick, to Mr. A-
quila Wycks, Keeper of the Gate-House, his good Angel,
made September 28. 1636.*

In nomine Domini incipit omne malum Episcopale.

BE it known therefore to all Men by these presents, That I John Bast-
wick, Doctor of Physick, in Limbo Patrum, do bind my self in this
Obligation to Mr. Aquila Wycks, That if he either deliver me out of this
Egypt, and House of Bondage, where now I am, by the Tenth Day of Octo-
ber next, nor will nor let me go to sacrifice unto any beloved Is, that for
that time forth, I will, with a Pen of Iron, correspond to the Son-nes
of Prelates, so plague the Metropolitaneity of York and Cantorbury,
and the Hypercality of all the other Prelates, that I will never leave them
till I have sent them to the place where the true Potminis bali, *Chambray*
the Great erge Mustard and Green Sauce, and white Julius Cesar says
Plato's Rat-catcher. And if I be found at any time falling of this Bond-
vow, to pay unto the said Mr. Aquila Wycks, as much Money as the Tail
of the Ban is worth. In witness whereof I have set my Hand, the Day
and Year above-written, being now resident in my Dwells in Limbo Pa-
trum.

JOHN BASTWICK

Thus with the Corallary I have added to my Liemy, an addition-
al Articles; the one to shew the sum of what I undertook to
do; the other to demonstrate the reason of the Calling I have to
sing the Grole which many doubt of. And this I have done to take
away all Hestitation hereafter from all Men, when they shall see I
am bound to it by a special Obligation under my own Hand.

David.

David. Oh, pray good Mr. *Bastwick*, don't go about to persuade me to renounce Prelacy, now I am out of Place. Now I am a poor *secure*, Who will look upon me? 'twould make me in some measure *Felo de se*, by starving my self for want of Preferment, their Hearts may mollify, and forget I was their Scourge.

Bastw. Never think that, my dear True Penny, for thou art Metropolitically mistaken, if thou thinkest to find any more Bowels of Compassion now, than I did when I was in *Limbo Patrum*; you'll get nothing but the flap of a Fox Tail, take my word for't; for I try'd 'em long since in these Emphatical Words, Now the Prelate has an Ample House fit for Entertainment, and a great Revenue to support its Grandure; if he please, I and my Family will go and dwell with him; and by this means he shall exercise his Hospitality; by this means the Prophecy of Isaiah will be fulfilled, the Wolf and the Lamb shall lie together. Pray you, next time you see his Highness of Croyden, ask him if he will do any good in his old days, for I never heard he did in his young. Ask him, I pray, if his Highness will accomplish any Prophecies, or obey Apostolical Canons? The Prelate is the Tail of the Beast.

David. But this was abusing them, and not asking a Favour; had you been a little more submissive, perhaps you might have said better.

Bastw. Give me thy self with such a vain Opinion, for a poor Curate of scarce 30 *l.* per Annum, will be thy Lor. if thou persevere in thy ill Humour. Where? thou tack entirely about to the Saints, thou wilt have at least One hundred Pound per Annum in pure Incense, Bread, and daily every Quarter, beside Superegregory Offerings, from the Devout Sisterhood. Nor shall you pay no First Fruits, and Tithes, nothing to the King, nothing to the Poor, and thou shalt rail on the wickedness of Bishops, Priests, and Nonresidents, Pluralities, and any thing, but thy own Congregation.

David. Why truly, Worthy Sir you have us'd a great deal of Reason, in that you say, and I'll take it into my serious Consideration. The Advantages are many; better Pay, and more Liberty to rail at all Degrees of Dignities, and all this without the expence of Thought, or the trouble of first Studying and Composing; and then learning my Sermons by heart, since *quicquid in lucem veniens* will best *minus inspiratione* these Advantages, I say, may prevail; but I will consider on't.

Bastw.

Bastw. But oh, my Sanctifi'd Reformer, you must debar none from the Sacrament on any Account, if the Cause require: for that is a Fundamental Institution of our Church; brought to Practice by the Reverend Mr. *Cafe* in my time; who, to encourage his Auditors to bring in liberally on the Propositions for Money, Plate, Horses, upon his Administring the Sacrament, began thus, *All you that have contributed to the Parliament, come and take this Sacrament to your Comfort.*

David. Well, I say again, I will consider on't, and weigh the Proposition for the good of my Conscience.

Bastw. Then, my Noble *Fellow*, I'll e'en leave thee to this worthy Consideration, for I have out staid my time, and shall scarce be trusted out of *Limbo* again on my Parole, but I must have some Devil of a Waiter or other at my Heel, when I have a mind to take the pleasurable Air here above, for fear I should Bilk my Keeper, and so draw him in for Cakes and Ale. Therefore, farewell my worthy Son of Thunder.

[Exit Bastwick.]

[As Bastwick goes out, Enter Lovewit and Fairman, two of his late Parliament-men.]

David. Let me consider, if I tack about to the Dissenters, 'twill make the World suspect, that I wore the Vizard of a Churchman so long, only to have the Advantage and Pleasure of railing at their Clergy in their own Pulpits; but then I can convince them, that the Injustice, Profaneness and Debauchery, as united in all its Members, open'd my Eyes, to see into a higher Degree of Excellency—— Well, 'tis a weighty Point, and requires a great deal of thought.

Lev. *Fairman*, Dost not see yonder our abdicated *David*? more thoughtful than a broken Gambler, that lost all his Stock the last night at the Groom-Porters, as a disappointed Speculator, whose hopes are bilk'd by a Counterminer.

Fair. Or one of his own Coat, on a Sunday-Morning when he had been taking a Cup of the Creature all *Saturday* Night. But prithee let's divert him from his melancholy Reflections on the loss of his Benefice.

Lev. Agreed; but if we make not haste, he'll give us the go-by, for he's upon motion you see: Why, how now my Man of Mettle! What, disponding for little Tribulations already?

David. Who? Mr. *Lovewit*, and Mr. *Fairman*? What Chance has brought you to my penfive Walks; not to seek me I warrant, but to ramble after some deluding Sin, or other.

Lev.

Love. What makes you so sensorious, Doctor, to pronounce us guilty of inordinate desires, because we have a fancy to take a beating Deambulation? *Hony soit qui mal y pense*: Leviite, I fear you come hither upon some such design, you suspect us for, a demeritignation from some compassionate Mr. *Hearers*, I warrant, who brings thee some Ely-mollinary yellow Boys in thy distress.

Fair. No, no, *Lovevit*, none of his *Lady-bearers*, I dare swear, will have any fellow feeling for him, since he has so much at the expence of their pleasure solemnly declared they must have no conjugal satisfaction on falling-highs.

Love. Here is an easy salve for that sore; for if they may not have Conjugal delights, I presume they are free for a friendly Contribution. But little *David*, if thou wilt put in for the reversion of Mr. *Burgess's* Congregation, thou shalt have my Vote, for 'tis pitty such Talents; should be hid under the Bushil of no Presentment.

David. I might have kept my presentment still, if I would have wink'd at your crying him; as my Successor will do, as I emphatically observ'd from the Nature of his Name. 'Tis not my way, Gentlemen, to use the smooth enticing words of mans wisdom, like a *Sonny* fac'd Epicure of an *inchumbent*, else I could have tickl'd your imaginations as well as the best of them. No, no, I am a plain down-right man, I have enter'd into a Covenant against Learning, and Civility. I have bid defiance to them, I say, and to the *Crickets*, the *Comfells*, the *School-men*, and the *Philosophers*, I have laid gerbes behind me, *Satan*, I have laid a side all my knowledge in the Tongues. Page 13

Love. Which thy Greek motto to thy Sermon convinces, was most profound.

David. Was this reason tho' Gentlemen, sufficient to turn me out of my place? Page 40

Fair. No, no, what tho' you pointed at one, and nam'd another, and declare every man's private faults aloud; yet if we had had but a little patience, you would have made us as good a plaister for our heads you had broke, as you did for the Clergy, whom after you had brought down on their Marrow-bones of Contempt, you with a loud and audible voice, bid rise up Sir *Disaffability*.

David. If I rais'd at the Clergy, 'twas only to gain a free passage for the Gospel.

Love. Believe me, *David*, that was a needless trouble, since the Gospel has a passage as free as thou canst desire already; for it comes in at one ear, and goes out at t'other.

David. Ah, Gentlemen, I find this beloved sin of *Urry* will not let you see the Truth, I had no Money to put out that could blind my eyes, but that I might see without Spectacles, or a Telescope, into the Millstone of the Feracity of the unlawfulness of taking lawful Interest; this was it,

you turn'd me out for, without any consideration; tho' I told you after, I found fair means would not do: that I should have *Bears*, and all the four-footed Animals of the Sublunary world, to revenge my quarrel on your Ingratitude, and the Ravens feed me with Bread as well as *Elias*; *Oh you of little faith*, and fear'd and harden'd Consciences.

Lov. I find little *David* here took a touch of Mr. *Bays* his Politicks, in Prologues, one for Terror, and t'other for Compassion.

Dav. You wicked of *Sidon*, you have no regard to my Spoils Innocence, tho' I have bid defiance to the whole World, not excluding any one part from the *South-sayers* of *Lapland*, to the *Pythagorean Bra-mins* of *Banum*; from the bearded Gentlemen of our own *Welsh Mountains*, to the warm Bankers in *Lombard street*, to prove me guilty of any one of those Impurations *Samuel* once feared in my Circumstances upon a Resignation.

Lov. But *Samuel* (being an old Man, whose dancing days were done) left out one thing, which thou mightst have added, viz. whose Wife have I comforted with the bounties of my Person, instead of the crumbs of Comfort of *fool-saying*, and *Spiritual Lectures*.

Fair. He might also have added, what worthy Parishioners have I pointed at in the Church, when I should have been reducing the *Scripture-instituted Pulpit-Thumping* to practice, because he was not so bountiful in his Contributions, as my not enough esteem'd Merits required.

Lov. But he has taken away all those scruples at once, when he dares any man to prove him guilty of the least publick immoral Action in his Life.

Fair. *Publick immoral Action?* prithee *David*, what dost thou mean by that?

Dav. I am a plain meaning Man, I love *simplicity*, and *foolishness*; nor do I couch my thoughts in *Ambiguous*, or *Amphibious* Words.

Lov. Prithee, his meaning is obvious enough, as thus, — If he has a mind to be drunk, he drinks not at a prophane Tavern, Brandy-shop, or Ale-house; but within the consecrated Walls of a Brother Saint, where, if he or his Brethren get boozie, tis without noise, or show; there is a double Pleasure in Iniquity, when 'tis *fallen* from the view of the Publick; for they enjoy the Reputation of Saints, and the Delights of Sionets; — So, if he would have a blooming young Girl, as full of love as an unsqueez'd Orange is of Juice, to give lusty Nature a necessary jog, he seeks her not out in the Mazes of a Night Ramble, in the Street, or the Park, Wells, or Play, or any other place of publick resort; where, in an Evening, a lewd Punk, of the Eighteen-penny Gallery, puts on the Face of Innocence and Quality; nor will he venture the Conflagration of his Tabernacle in any known Vaulting-Schools; but meets the hearty and wholesome Embraces of one of his file Devote's, who thinks it no small step in her Journey to the Saints Everlasting

lasting Rest, by having her Vessel consecrated by the man of God. Sin-
 nar are committed in the Eye of the World, lose half their pleasure;
 for they look with a Face of Lawfulness; whereas, a secret intrigue
 heightens your Enjoyment by the Circumstance of Theft: I tell thee
Jack, 'tis as curious a thing to manage iniquity to Advantage, as the Scotch
 Receipt to kill the Devil.

Fair. Kill the Devil! *Ned*—— prithee what dost mean?

Lov. I'll tell thee a Story,—— Since the Restoration of Presbytery
 in Scotland, there was an eminent Holder forth, near Edinburg, that
 would needs inform his Congregation, How to kill the Devil. Can
 any, among you, tell how to kill the Devil (says he) turning about
 his Drum Ecclesiastick, Can you? Or you? Or you? No, no,
 none of you can tell;—— for you cannot hang him, for he's as light
 as a Feather; you cannot drown him, for he's Cork all up to the Arse;
 you cannot stick him, for his Hide is as thick as a Highlander's Target;
 and what will you do then, Beloved, to kill the Devil?—— Mark
 me, I'll tell you, Beloved, you must shoot him with the great Gun of
 the Word of God; as thus Beloved, in yon corner, there's the Muckle
 Devil, and here stand I, and thus take up the Word of God, well trim'd
 with Faith, Beloved, and with it I will shoot the Devil; *shoo, shoo, shoo,*
shoo, and with that he flung the Bible at the destin'd place, and knock'd
 down a poor Holy Sister, that was taking a refreshing Nap.

Fair. What dost thou mean by this? Which is no more to the
 purpose, than a Countrey Parson's Sermon to his Text.

Lov. Oh, Sir, you err mightily, for 'tis doubly to my purpose; first,
 to shew you, that 'tis no easie matter to manage iniquity well, since 'tis
 of equal difficulty to the killing the Devil; which secondly, may be
 done, to our Satisfaction, by the Word of God; have but that enough
 in your Mouth, and your Tail will never be suspected as a false Brother.

David. But who can conceal his Vices from the World, if he give
 himself once privately over to them, they would be out of his power
 to conceal.

Lov. No, no, *David*, a little Custom will do all.

David. Well, well, Gentlemen, if I were not innocent, I could ne'er
 have dar'd to pronounce so bold a Challenge; and had I not been spot-
 less as the Dove, in the Canticles, I durst never have made such an ear-
 nest *Apostrophe* to the Lord, who knew the Secrets of my Heart, no
 more than a Coward, Bully a known Man of Courage. But were I
 guilty, why did no body answer me in the face of the Congregation?

Lov. Truly, little *David*, the Church was so throng'd, with those
 that came to weep, those that came to laugh, and those that came to
 sleep, that a Man might as soon have got under the Gallows, at Execu-
 tion day, as have come within hearing of you; your Arrogance else
 had been balk'd by a young tell-tale Rogue, that swears he saw thee,

from a fellow-feeling Brothers, come reeling home, as drunk as a Squire of *Alfania* from a Bowl of Punch.

22. *Fair.* But with what *Impudence* couldst thou say, thou didst awake some drowsie Auditors, lest they should be strook dead for not minding thy Noncensical Harangue, as *Eutychus* was, for sleeping at the Sermon of *St. Paul*? when thou didst not fear to provoke Heaven to strike thee, for calling it to Witness, of thy being never guilty of any immoral Action; when thou couldst not but remember how thou didst basely disown thy own Father at *Oxford*, because the honest Hind was not dress'd in Scarlet; but perhaps, thou didst not think that any Crime.

32. *David.* All Malicious Impostures of my Enemies Inventions: Is not the Miracle my Prayers have done, an undeniable Proof of my Sanctity?

Law. How, how, little *David*, what a paw word was that? It smells as much of Popery, as thy new advanc'd infallibility of the Clergy. I thought Miracles had been ceas'd many a fair day ago, and that you might as soon find a Gameller without Dice, and other necessary Implements of his Art, or a Player without Impudence; as an *interloping Prayer*, that cou'd rob the Physician of his Fee.

Dav. I will leave you, ye generation of Vipers, who turn the most holy Declarations of the Justification of the Innocent into ridicule; you are possess'd with a Devil, beyond the Power of a Gospel holder-forth to cast out of ye.

35. *Law.* Well, honest *David*, if thou wilt leave us, thou shalt not go without some words of Comfort; for since thou hast declared solemnly, that he that keeps the whole Law, and allows himself but one beloved Sin, is worse than he that is guilty of all the Lewdness, Prophaneness, and Villanies in the World; the Whore Masters, Cheats, Atheists, Poets, Fiddlers, and Players, intend to establish a Pension for thee, during Life; and will have a Nocturnal Congregation, where, thou in an audible Voice, shalt enforce this Doctrine, that a Man that commits but one Sin, is worse than he that commits ten thousand.

Fair. The tenet is so good an encouragement to the young and fearful Sinners, by perswading them that they had as good go through stich with the work, and eat of every dish of the Feast of Debauchery, since they shall pay no more, than if they had tasted but of one, that I do not wonder at their generous resolve.

Dav. I'll begone, and shake the dirt off my Feet on that wicked street of yours, that did not receive me, but turn me away with contempt. Wo, wo, and wo be unto thee, for it shall be better for *Whetstone's Park*, or *Tower Hill*, in the day of Tribulation, than with thee; for if they had had the Happiness to hear me Preach, they would have left their Iniquities, *exit David*.

Law. Well, Divinity is gone with a fury from us; and 'tis well one of the Vials of the Revelations is not in his hands, else he would certainly pour it all out on *Lombard-street*.

